

FOLKWAYS OF INTERNET

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I WAS JUST THINKING, SOMEWHAT,
about how, music and video viewing and
listening on the internet, isn't quite the
same thing as an old phonograph, and a
stack of records, necessarily, or a crate of
video tapes and a v c r, and t v... the
internet gives you a 'personal nexus,' of
interconnected ideas, and profiles, of media
listening sessions... that which stands for

'you,' and represents yourself, in an ongoing continuum. I used to criticize this internet platform, as being a 'glitchy contrivance,' and, an encumbrance unto free thought, like a tangle of briars, or vines would be... while overlooking the real intellectual content... the interconnections between ideas, and people, and audiophile media itself... I just had to 'start accepting,' this 'way,' as early as I was able to... and not bother myself with criticizing the digital communities. It's just this sense of how the internet provides everyone with a 'personal nexus,' of ideas and interconnections between

ideas, as data packages in discrete locales in cyberspace. For some folks, this is something of a hurdle to get past, but I've managed to do this, myself, and am finding it to be a lot of fun, and good intellectual stimulation. It's a new information paradigm, and it's the way that the world keeps time... and keeps track of developing minds. We entrust a whole lot into this 'database,' it might be sensitive information, just as it might be mundane... both need data security. At any rate. These are the ideas in my mind presently... I've always teetered between desiring the digital content, and wanting to procure it, but

being bothered by the medium of the internet itself... it was a matter of forgiving myself for, for instance, my past of drugs and alcohol abuse, and recognizing that the evil in the world isn't going to engulf myself, or spoil the recovery life I've made for myself. See? Oh, it's still frustrating thinking about the many ways that our society became bogged down, and got overcame by the contrary information, which twenty five years ago, threatened to overtake our best efforts to improve our selves artistically. At any rate, these oh vert threats have subsided, and good people are back to the challenge, of making our lives

better for ourselves than our parent's lives were for them. Today's children's should be better than ours were. I'm making my way down this page, in writing, this morning, and am making good progress. My way seems to require a 'personal victory,' and an 'accounting,' like this... I wouldn't want to face the morning without the hopes this brings. It's such a blessing having an attentive spirit, which is goal focused, like this. This, at least, helps in making the time pass easier, and then I'll have the equity to show for it. At any rate, I sit inputting these thoughts herein, presently. In paying attention to the 'games

people play,' and to the many distractions that try to come in between individuals and the paths they choose... it definitely requires a 'knowing of ones self,' and of that which one is, and isn't, in distinguishing that self from others. Others will try every day to introduce themselves as being 'more dominant,' even than you, in your 'vale of inner peace,' can be. Maybe, aren't these people just using the sonic ground, to set themselves as 'louder,' and 'bigger,' when your own mind is so organized around this 'sonic ground,' and your inner quietude, as to be so vulnerable, there? The local audio environment, in

many ways, is the home of your peace... as your music will be the closest thing to your heart, for starters, and accompanies your visual work, as well. Competing and comparing forces commonly will detract, and subtract from the stability, and grounding in the quietude, and sanity within your heart. You won't be ready for it... but phantoms of the ever changing time and space picture will exploit your sonic and visual ground, in your home, or work environment. These errors, and echos, will try to come in between. One definitely has to factor the ways of trans dimensional spirits inn to any given morning, or day of

study or work... 'Who's the neurotic one, then?' At any rate, when one can designate a study space which you can call your own, one then must somewhat be prepared to 'fight for it,' if it is to remain your own. This is the toil and futility of the day... when you find yourself 'wrestling with an angel,' you might think about something better... and or try a different strategy... so as not to waste your own precious time. Anyways, we're back at this place, now, after our weekly store trip, and we've finished our lunch, and I've gotten this writing out, and I am gradually thinking these thoughts into it. My hands type,

without me having to think about them... I just have turned on my blue tooth keyboard, and it has connected with my smart device automatically. Words, now, can flow out, like 'endless rain into a paper cup,' and I'll eventually make progress in finishing out this book. I've just happened to notice the good quality of piano playing from my plastic chip reader device, in my shirt pocket... part of me wonders, 'You just give this good stuff away?' 'Why don't you sell it instead?' I guess my many free piano recordings are comparable to the live music archives, which you can find online... which, even from very talented

bands, are mostly just given away, to anyone who is interested in the live shows. At any rate, today is a sunny and hot mid september afternoon, a Thursday, and I'm sitting up in my bed, inputting this text presently. I've been told that I probably won't be moving south until sometime next week, so this frees me up to reconnect my old computer, which is the appliance I use in making my audio texts... this will allow me to get this work, here, produced and heard. Well, I guess that I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg